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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$30, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 30 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.

SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 54,

DECEMBER, 1882.

No. 12.

From the New York Observer, November 2nd, 1882.

BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT WORK.

BY L. P. HUBBARD.

The war with Great Britain, 1812-15, is indelibly impressed on my mind by this incident. One beautiful Sabbath morning a mounted officer appeared in front of our home in New Hampshire, and read a summons for my father to be ready to march to Portsmouth the next morning at eight o'clock and take part in the war. That contest involved the right of search on board American vessels, and to some extent sailors' rights. It will be remembered that the brilliant naval victories of our gallant tars drew the attention of the whole country to them. The victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie thrilled every heart. A song in commemoration of it began:—

"On the tenth of September,
Let us all remember."*

* Since the issue of his article in the *New York Observer*, the author has been able, by the memory and kindness of a friend, to recover so much of this song, as here follows:—

How much influence this had in drawing out the sympathy of the wise and good for the temporal and spiritual well-being of seamen, we are unable to say, but previous to that time no organized efforts for their benefit seem to have been made, and to this period we can trace numerous rills that have since become mighty streams.

In 1812, the Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Improvement of Seamen was formed.

In 1816, some of the members of the Brick Presbyterian Church,

"On the tenth of September, let us all remember,

As long as the sun on its axis rolls round,—
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come [down.

"Columbian tars and the free sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft when they fight on the [deep:—

On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caused many Britons to take their last [sleep.

New York (Rev. Dr. Spring's), became interested in seamen, and held prayer-meetings in Water and Front streets for their benefit during the summer of that year. On the 20th of December following, a meeting was held in a school-room at No. 37 Cherry street, and Rev. Ward Stafford preached the first sermon to seamen in this country. These efforts were greatly blessed, and on the 14th of March, 1817, the New York Marine Bible Society was organized. The New York Port Society followed June 5th, 1818.

As experience showed that seamen could be reached, other institutions were formed for their good. The Mariners' Church, in Roosevelt street, was completed and dedicated June 4th, 1820.

The societies thus far organized were local in their character and operations. The need of a national society was felt, and on the 5th of May, 1828, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was organized, with Hon. Smith Thompson, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, as President, and the late Bishop C. P. McIlvaine, Corresponding Secretary. The Society published the first number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE in September of that year, substantially the same in form as we see it now. The abundant labors of this Society, through its chaplains and missionaries, at home and abroad, with its Sailors' Home, one of the best in the world, its loan library system, and its care for shipwrecked sailors, are too well known to require comment.

For some years Anson G. Phelps and Silas Holmes, officers of the Marine Bible Society, kept Bibles at their counting-rooms for distribution among sailors. March 16th, 1833, a notice appeared in the

New York Observer which secured the services of an agent for the Society, the first ever appointed in New York for the distribution of the Scriptures.

An incident may here be mentioned that shows the importance of losing no opportunity to do a kind act. A sailor arrived in Boston, and went to Father Taylor's Bethel Church. His daughter handed him a SAILORS' MAGAZINE, on the cover of which was a notice that Bibles could be obtained at No. 62 South street, New York. On his arrival he called there, and William Nelson waited upon him, and so surprised him with kind words that he said to himself, "If I ever get rich I will give the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the American Bible Society something." The sailor became a prosperous merchant, and he has nobly redeemed that pledge by placing in the treasury of each Society the sum of ten thousand dollars.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to those early friends of seamen, all of whom have passed away, who, by their labors and contributions, did so much to place the cause on its present basis. Among them were George Douglass, Lockwood De Forest, Adrian Van Sinderen, John Wheelwright, L. L. Sturges, Wm. Whitlock, Jr., Horace Holden, D. W. C. Olyphant, P. Perit, Robert Lenox, James Lenox, James Boorman, John Johnston, Joseph Sampson, Wm. B. Crosby, H. K. Corning, David Hoadley, George Griswold, James Brown, Stewart Brown, Charles N. Talbot, William H. Aspinwall, Stephen Van Rensselaer, C. V. S. Roosevelt, Peter Lorillard, Jonathan Sturges, Wm. W. De Forest, John C. Baldwin, Wm. C. Rhinelanders,

John Jacob Astor, G. G. Howland, and scores of other honored names
 S. S. Howland, Wm. Curtis Noyes, whose mantle seems to have fallen
 Aaron B. Belknap, E. J. Woolsey, on those who are now carrying for-
 Wm. B. Astor, Geo. S. Robbins, ward this great work.

From the New York Evening Post, Oct. 10th, 1882.

THE (NEW) JERSEY COAST.

ABOUT BARNEGAT—TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE SHORE LINE—

A TRAMP WITH A PATROLMAN.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., September 28th, 1882.

Barnegat City is a watering-place in embryo, and interesting as showing how a coast resort may rise in a day from nothingness to the zenith of splendor and importance. It occupies the extreme northern point of Long Beach, an island that interposes for twenty miles a low sand-bar between the waters of Barnegat Bay and the Atlantic, and is five or six miles out to sea. Barnegat Inlet, barely a mile wide, separates it from the islands and beaches on the north; Barnegat Light rises in its midst, and Barnegat Shoals,—name of ominous fame to mariners,—lie abreast of it, stretching out two miles to sea, their position marked by foaming breakers. Two years ago there was nothing here but the lighthouse and keeper's cottage, a quaint old tavern kept for the benefit of sportsmen, a few fishermen's houses, Life Saving Station No. 17, and wastes of sand covered with bayberry bushes, beach grass, and little parks of pine or cedar. To-day there are two large hotels and a score of villas and cottages, regularly laid-out streets, sidewalks, and a horse railroad, while the familiar sign of lots and cottages "for sale or to let" greets one at every corner. For days the rain has fallen in floods, and strong east winds have heaped the surf on the strand with

the roar of whole parks of artillery. Captain Ridgeway, of the Life Saving Service, and his hardy crew, came over from their homes in Barnegat town on the 15th, opened the station-house, furbished up their implements, and began the nightly patrol of the beach. The two young attachés of the Signal Service, high up in their new observatory, have kept the storm signal flying for days, and watch vane, rain-gauge, anemometer, and barometer with the zeal of new discoverers. The light-keeper, too, trims his wicks and polishes his lens with more care than in summer days, and the few sportsmen who have arrived for the fall shooting, hug the inn fireside, while their trusty adherents, the guides, squint at the lowering clouds and curse the weather.

In the Lighthouse.

The lighthouse and its accessories form an interesting study. It is one of the most important on the coast. Its round tower of brick rises nearly 175 feet above the sea, and is painted red and white,—its day colors. At night it shows a white light of the first order, with a ten-seconds' flash, visible thirty miles at sea. There are a keeper and two assistants, who live with their families in a double cottage at the base of the

tower. It is against orders to admit visitors to the light after sunset, but if one had the temerity to present himself there he would find the keeper in his arm-chair in the little room directly under the light, a time-watch on the window-ledge beside him, a Yankee clock over his head, and before him the intricate mass of wheels, levers, and springs that turns the huge Fresnel lens around the light to produce the flash. His position entails constant vigilance. The weights that move the clockwork must be wound, and the oil, too, pumped into the lamp every hour. The wicks require constant attention, and the plate glass of the lantern has a tendency to gather mist, and thus obscure the light. To the visitor who proves himself worthy of attention, the keeper has some interesting reminiscences to relate. He has seen and heard many a ship crash upon the shoals under his light. Nine sail struck there on a foggy night in 1880. In severe storms the wind howls and shrieks through the tower, and it sways fearfully,—three inches out of the perpendicular, the keeper has demonstrated. There are three distinct motions, too,—with the wind, the recovery, and a rotary motion that seem a resultant of the two forces. The revolving lens with its frame weighs two tons, and the swaying often so increases the friction that the clock-work stops for an instant, or until equilibrium is restored. Storms also add to the keeper's labors by coating the glass with snow or sleet, obscuring the light. Again, the thick plate-glass is cracked by water-fowl, which are dashed against it by the tempests, and the keeper tells a pleasant story of arising one Christmas morning, his Christmas dinner un-

provided for, and finding three dead geese at the base of the tower. As a general thing, however, it is the weaker fowl that fall victims to this obstacle in their path. The present lighthouse has been built but about thirty years. Its predecessor lies about half a mile out in the inlet, under six feet of water, and is a good illustration of the gradual advance southward of the inlets on this part of the coast. When built its site was several hundred yards inland; but the currents impinging on the south shore so cut it away that there came a time when but a small strip of sand intervened between the light and the sea. Then a furious storm arose, swept away the frail barrier, and toppled the lighthouse into the inlet. Now the bay-men find excellent sheep-head fishing about its ruins. This is only one of the many transformations occurring on this coast. It is the veriest witchcraft of the sea.

The Origin of Islands.

Off the lighthouse, to seaward, there is a beach of smooth, firm sand, twenty acres in extent, wholly thrown up the present summer, and which will dissolve with the breath of winter. Under the light are several dead cedars, twenty feet or more in height, which were killed two years ago by being covered with sand, but which are now bare to their roots. A plank walk, raised several feet above the sands, leads from the keeper's house to the boat dock, and this the first heavy gale is expected to submerge. The west or bay side of Long Beach is made up entirely of marsh meadows, and separated from them by narrow channels are numerous small islands,—Clam, High Bar, Great Sedge, Lovelady,

—all marshy and covered with a dense growth of reeds and marsh-grass. Some of them have an area of hundreds of acres. Rowing among them one day with an old waterman, he pointed out to me a tuft of coarse reeds growing out of the water, and said they all originated in that way. About these reeds the silt and sediment in the water is deposited, and in a surprisingly short time a bank rises above the water. More reeds and grass spring up upon it,—where the seed comes from no one knows,—and a firm and stable island is formed. My companion pointed to one nearly a mile long, which he had known ten years before as a bunch of reeds springing from the water. These marshes are the backbone of the beach. They can neither be blown away by the winds nor washed out by currents, and form a sort of anchor to hold the island in winter.

No. 17.

In the midst of the cottages, under the lee of the great hotel, is a little brown-painted building with a flagstaff rising above it, which does duty as Station No. 17 of the Life-Saving Service. A boat-room occupies the west or rear end of the structure. There is a briny smell about it, and its furniture is all of a nautical character. There is a great lifeboat mounted on trucks; the Lyle gun, with its projectile, hawser, faking box, sand anchor, and other appurtenances, on a hand truck; the life-car, a hollow, torpedo-shaped tube of iron, water-tight, depends from the board ceiling, and suits of rubber, tarpaulins, oilskins, coils of rope and twine, signals of the merchant marine, and other appendages of the service are stowed in every available corner. The

boat-room opens on the east into the living room of the men, a small apartment, furnished with a stove, dinner-table, clock, half a dozen chairs, and a closed case containing the library of the station,—about a dozen well-thumbed volumes,—and the reports and blanks of the service. The loft above—reached from the kitchen by a rude staircase through a trap-door—is the dormitory, and is furnished with nine or ten cots, each supplied with a mattress and two government blankets. A few extra cots with their bedding are kept in the stations in readiness for the possible shipwrecked sailor. Wishing to get a practical idea of the service, I availed myself of Captain Ridgeway's invitation to spend the night at the station and accompany the midnight patrol on his beat. The keeper assigns the watches, four during the night, the first from 6 to 8, the second from 8 to 12, the third from 12 to 4, and the fourth from 4 to 6. By seven o'clock all the men except the watch were in bed, turning in without disrobing except as to coats. At twelve o'clock the second watch comes in and rouses patrolman John Loper, who has the third watch. He awakes me with a whispered,—“Twelve o'clock, sir, if you wish to take the watch,” and I follow him down the stairs and out into the air.

A Night on the Beach.

The night is a heavy one, though there is no rain. An east wind blows sharply, as it has blown for two days, and the ocean for nearly two miles out is a billowy mass of foam, while the lightning flashes fitfully from clouds that next day will drench the country from North Carolina to Maine. The

great eye of the light-house looks steadily down upon us, and out over the sea a ship's light trails slowly along. The patrolman, I notice, has donned his wet-weather rig—tarpaulin hat, oilskin coat, and great rubber boots, with leg-gings that reach to his thighs. He carries a knapsack on his back filled with Coston lights, to be used as signals in case of need, and has in his hand a small brass check, similar to a baggage check, with his name, number, and the number of his station inscribed upon it. Formerly the patrols carried lanterns, but they do so no longer from fear that they might be mistaken by mariners for beacons. Our beat extends a mile and a half down the coast, or until we meet the patrol from Station 18, which is about three miles below. Usually the beat is two miles and a half in length, but this being a particularly dangerous coast, the houses of refuge are placed at shorter intervals. The tide is out, and we plod along near the water's edge, the sands, beaten hard by the surf, forming a smooth, firm highway. The surf thunders beside us, and now and then sends a flood of foam about our path, deluging my low shoes, to the amusement of my comrade. Pale, phosphorescent gleams shoot up from the sands. Every few seconds an area of light creeps slowly over us, and disappears in the sand hills on our right, and turning I see that it is the flash of the light-house channelling a lake of light through the haze and turning, as the lens revolves, like the spokes of a wheel. The strong healthy nerves of the patrolman laugh at the idea of ghosts, which I suggest. He cares nothing for dead men, but keeps a wary eye to seaward for the living. Half an hour of this walk-

ing bring us to a clump of cedars planted in the sands, with a board seat capable of accommodating three persons, firmly fixed on the seaward side. This is the "meet" of the patrols. No. 18 is already there. The two patrolmen exchange checks and seat themselves for a social chat, rising at times to scan the sea line. The talk of the day's events at the stations, of the weather and other gossip of the sea, but little of their own lives or exploits. Thus half an hour is spent, then we bid each other good-bye and set off on the return. We find harder traveling on our way back. The sand is light, and the fierce wind blows it in our faces. To the patrolman, however, it is but a summer breeze: he compares it with storms he has experienced on these sands when the sea rolled full to the sand-hills, and he waded knee deep in icy water to make his way, and when the wind blew with such fury that he could not breathe, facing it, but must turn his back at each inspiration. Two hours after quitting it we again reach the station, I to retire to my cot, and the patrolman to continue for two hours longer his outlook over the sea.

C. B. T.

Docks and Commerce of Havre, France.

Mr. T. W. KNOX, in *Harper's Magazine* for December, writes:—

"The *avant-port*, or entrance harbor, is nearly dry at low water, and our tender, even with her light draught, stirs the mud as she proceeds. But when the tide is in, the largest steamers and sailing ships can safely proceed to the docks, that have been dug from the land with an enormous expen-

diture of money and muscle. The docks and basins of Havre are all of man's creation, and owe their existence to his industry and perseverance. They are eight in number, and a ninth, and perhaps a tenth, will be added before long. Altogether the existing docks will accommodate two thousand vessels, and by crowding them closely another hundred or two might be taken in. The largest is the dock of the Eure, and it has a superficial area of fifty-three acres, with a mile and a quarter of quays. The water in this basin has a depth of thirty feet, and a dry dock opens from it capable of holding any of the ships that visit the port. Think of the labor necessary for making this dock and building the massive walls that form its sides, and then say if Havre is not deserving of all her present prosperity. An older and smaller dock than this is the *Bassin du Commerce*, which is generally filled with sailing ships, and sometimes has held as many as two hundred of them without impeding circulation. At one end of this dock is the square named after Louis XVI., and on pleasant evenings we will find a dense crowd there to enjoy the military or other music, and to lounge under the trees. Beyond the square and in full view from the dock rises the principal theatre of Havre, and at the water's edge is the machinery for removing the masts of ships or restoring them to their places. The oldest dock of all is the *Bassin du Roi*, or *Vieux Bassin*, and it is also the smallest; it was made in 1669, and has latterly been enlarged so as to adapt it to the ships of the present day. It is difficult to ascertain the cost of the docks of Havre, as the old accounts no longer exist, and we have only the modern figures to guide us. With-

in the last twenty years more than fifty millions of dollars have been expended on them, and the work is still incomplete."

As to the commerce of Havre, the same writer says:—

"In its commerce with the United States of America, Havre holds the second place, Liverpool being the first. She imports more of our wheat, corn, cotton, and other products than does London, Hamburg, or any other transatlantic port, with the single exception I have mentioned, and it is not impossible that she will soon surpass the great mart of the Mersey in the importance of her American trade. Certainly the rapid growth of her commerce is a favorable omen for the future, and it is a growth far more rapid than that of the commerce of her English rival. In 1836 there were entered from foreign ports at Havre 524 ships, with an aggregate measurement of 150,000 tons. In 1878 the entries were 3,230, with an aggregate of 1,886,100 tons. For how long must Havre progress at that ratio to outstrip every other port of Europe? More than three hundred thousand bales of American cotton have entered the port in a single year, with a hundred thousand barrels of petroleum, and two million bushels of grain. And, like *Oliver Twist*, Havre is looking for more. The demand for our products exceeds the capacity of the port to handle them; when the facilities are multiplied, the trade will grow accordingly.

"In spite of her enterprise in many ways, Havre is very conservative in other things, and hesitates at progress. Notwithstanding her large trade in grain, she does not, at the time I am writing, possess a single grain elevator.

Ships are unloaded, just as they on their backs, and the process is were three hundred years ago, by necessarily a slow one." men and women carrying burdens

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In July, August and September, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT wrought for sailors at H., and in the following seaport villages: Landskrona, Malmo, Astorp, Arrarp, Ausas, Råa and the island Hven. At the latter place, "the kingdom of God," he believes, "has got great progress during the year." At Helsingborg, as he estimates, about thirty souls, during the quarter, found the joys of salvation in Christ, for the first time.

STOCKHOLM.

In the quarter ending August 31st, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG met with a great number of sailors on board vessels which he visited. Two Norwegian captains were Christians, and aided in the meetings at the seamen's rooms, both by prayer and preaching. The captain (Dubbard) who preached, was converted at sea, many years since, while on a voyage to the West Indies. One hundred and eighty-six vessels were visited.

GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON, in the quarter closing with August, reports conversions to Christ as the result of his labors at G., as well as in Hudikswall and Soderhamm. In Gefle the Lutheran Christians have begun to assist his work for seamen, by sending Bible bags to be distributed on vessels. On the coast between Gefle and Stockholm, at Oregrund and Osthamar, he met with sailors who were disciples of Jesus and here there was a great hunger for God's Word. During the year,

as he reports, about two hundred souls, in this region, have "passed from death unto life," among them seamen returning from their voyages. "Many of the young Christians," he adds, "have gone to America."

BUTTLE AND WISBY.

The veteran JOHN LINDELAUS, makes report of diligent labor for the quarter ending August 31st, though his eyesight is very weak, and his outward tabernacle as he draws near the end of his days, grows perceptibly feeble.

Norway.

BERGEN.

"I found here," says J. G. S., a Christian sailor, personally unknown to us, whose letter to the Society dated at B., July 1st, 1882, has reached us,—"a new Sailors' Home, where I now reside. Informed of the history of its erection, and viewing it in a Christian light, I desired to do something for it. It was built by free contributions from various parties. When I looked around the reading-room I found there large book-cases, but they were empty. Only a few daily papers, some tracts and Bibles were upon the tables. So I left there the May and June number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, which were all I had. I have thought that perhaps the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY may be kind enough to send out tracts in the Norwegian, Danish and English languages. It is the humble request of a traveling sailor, and disciple of Jesus."

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Thousands of seamen visited the Bethel ship in the three months ending with September, and many of these, as Mr. A. WOLLESON, missionary, reports, the influence of sacred song, prayer and preaching has, under God, induced to choose the better path. A young American who often visited the Bethel came one day with a pile of books, which he had stolen from its reading-room. The day before he had fallen overboard, and while near drowning, his first thought was of these books. God made good to come out of evil. "The stolen books," says Mr. W., "became the means of his conversion."

A Norwegian sailor, led to Christ at the Bethel, two years since, became an assistant to a Norwegian minister at a foreign station. On his vessel, he had proved strong in the Lord and steadfast in good works. An unfaithful and backsliding captain, however, proved himself capable of leading this sailor into his own poor estate. On his return to Copenhagen the missionary found and reclaimed him. Mr. Wolleson writes:—"The influence of religion on sea and on land is spreading among all classes, in these regions. There is a general desire for the word of God. During the last year 37,797 copies of the Scriptures have been sold in Denmark, several thousands more than in any previous year."

In July, on a visit to three islands where is a large seafaring population, the missionary found two old sailors living their last years, at home, together with their wives. The one had an Episcopal prayer book which had been presented to him by "Father" Taylor at Boston, Mass.,—the other an English Bible given to him by the Mariners' Church, New York City.

ODENSE.

Mr. F. L. RYMKER made 525 visits to vessels in July, August and September,

and closes his report as follows:—"The attention of our Christian people is now set upon building a 'Mission House.' When it is finished, friends (of seamen) say they will make their claim that something be done for sailors, in the form of a Home or reading-room down at the harbor."

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Mr. J. HITCHENS, missionary, in his last report speaks of continued good progress in connection with the work at the British and American Sailors' Institute, and adds:—

"We have this year a large number of American vessels coming to Hamburg, and it has been a pleasure to visit them and supply all on board with books and papers to read; meetings have been held on board some ships, and conversations held with many, while all are invited to the Institute Meetings and Reading-Rooms, and not a few have come."

Noting work in October, he forwards us the following items:—

Sowing and Reaping.

"During the past few months we have been reaping the fruit of early sowing. Through the liberality of EDWARD CHAPLIN, Esq., chairman of committee, we have been provided with a man to assist the missionary in his boat, and a systematic visitation of vessels entering and leaving the port has been kept up; thousands of pages of valuable reading matter have been distributed, meetings held, scriptures circulated, and great good done.

An Unseen Power at Work.

"'I am come, sir,' said a young sailor as he entered the reading-room just before the usual Saturday night prayer-meeting commenced. The missionary had visited his ship in the morning and spoken to a group of officers on the sin of drunkenness. One of them said: 'I believe God has sent you here this morning; we have been going wrong,' and two of them promised to come to the Institute and sign the pledge at night. 'I am come alone, sir,' said he, 'I did not say anything to Mr. —, because I did not intend to come myself either when I promised

you this morning or when I came on shore this evening,' and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of coppers, saying: 'Look at these, sir, I put these into my pocket to play cards with to-night; but I could not go to the public-house; I tried to go, but it was of no use; some unseen power had got hold of me, leading me here: I believe it is God.' After he had signed the pledge, 'God helping me, I will drink no more intoxicating drinks as a beverage,' etc., and received a few words of caution and counsel, prayer was offered for him that grace might be given him to resist temptation. Then he completely broke down and wept, thanking God for bringing him here, and grasping the hand of the missionary said: 'I thank you, sir; God bless you: I trust this will be the beginning of a new life in me; it is years since I was in a place of worship, and if any one had told me yesterday that I should have been in the Institute to-day, I could not have believed it; I had an aversion to these things. You have often spoken to me, sir, about my ways, and I knew you were right, and that I was wrong, but there was a power I could not resist leading me astray. Now, thank God, there is a stronger power I could not resist leading me into the right way.' He remained at our prayer-meeting, came to the service on Sunday and to our Monday evening meeting, and appeared quite a changed man. He went away the next day, resolving, God helping him, he will drink no more strong drink, but will try to serve Him.

"I shall get comfort here."

"So said a captain as he came into the Bethel on Sunday evening just at the close of the service; he too had been drinking and had had trouble of late both personal and domestic. In this way the Lord was working in him to bring him to himself. He brought his troubles to us. The missionary's wife suggested a better way, and proposed taking it to the Lord in prayer: 'Yes, I will,' said he, and 'O, Mrs. Hitchens, I shall be so thankful if you will pray for me.' We all knelt down, and while the captain wept and sighed we prayed for him, commending him to our loving sympathizing Savior. We believe the prayer was answered in giving peace to the troubled soul, as evidenced by his earnest expressions of thankfulness, and the 'God bless you, Mr. Hitchens, I thank you from the bottom of my heart; I feel better now, I am better; how thankful I am I came here,'

We talked together for about an hour. Truly he was a changed man, and on leaving us promised to keep looking to Jesus.

"Kindness at the Institute won me."

"I have been a bad lad," said a sailor at one of our experience meetings at the Institute, 'but I came to one of the Monday evening entertainments, and was shown such kindness and saw everybody so happy, that I began to ask, 'Why are these people here so joyous, and I so miserable?' It was some time before I found out what made men really happy, and so kind one towards another, but I know now: it is Christ and his gospel; thank God for the Sailors' Institute, I am now trying to make others happy. The Lord help me!'

Gave In at Last.

"For several years your husband continued to invite me to the Institute," said an officer to the missionary's wife, 'and I used to say, just to satisfy him: 'O, I shall come one day,' but I had no intention and no inclination to do so. But the Lord opened my eyes, and I see the value of such places; so I came, but it was not my doings, it was the Lord's, and I thank him for it; I only wish I had come before. I love the place, and the blessed Lord has saved my soul which is the best of all.'

Grateful Acknowledgment.

"I have to thank you and Mr. G— for the great change wrought in me; I know that God has done it, but you were the instrumentalities in God's hand in inducing me to attend the meetings at the Institute. This is better than the former way of wasting time: health and substance."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

In July, Mr. J. T. HAM, sailor missionary, sold 64 Bibles, Testaments and portions. The Sabbath services at the Institute, as we gather from *Chart and Compass* (London, Eng.,) for November, are largely attended, both by "shore-people" and sailors.—In August, Mr. H. sold 50 Bibles, Testaments and portions. We quote:—

"Bethel meetings have been exceedingly good, large congregations morning and evening, on Sundays; and as the days

draw on, the attendance at week-night-meetings is on the increase. At some of these we have had evident signs of blessing. At one meeting, an apprentice from a sailing-ship was much impressed, shedding tears nearly the whole time; he is still here, and I feel sure there is a good work begun in his heart. Two others at the same time were convinced of sin. May God grant in each case it may lead to true conversion! After our meeting last Friday evening, a fine looking young man, a sailor, came up to me, and said he thanked God he had been there, for the word had come with power to his heart. He was a wandering child of God, 'but to night,' said he, 'I feel determined by God's help to start afresh and cling close to Jesus.' He was with us at a communion yesterday, and goes away to-day feeling happier than he has done for some time. After our service yesterday an engineer came to sign the Bethel-pledge, feeling ashamed, he said, to own that it had become necessary. I pointed him to Jesus, and prayed with him that he might be kept from all sin and find the Savior. Rev. Mr. PORTS, the chaplain, has just returned from a short trip to Switzerland. He gave us good soul-searching discourses yesterday, which I am sure will be greatly blessed."

France.

HAVRE.

Efforts for the provision of a Sailors' Home seem about to bear fruit, and at an initial expense of \$1,500, the local committee expect that ere long its doors will be open to seamen of all nationalities. Our own Board of Trustees have recently made an appropriation to aid Mr. HEPPLÉ, Scripture Reader at the port, who is greatly liked by sea captains, officers and sailors. He visits both American and English vessels, and is spoken of as very zealous in his work. In this connection we commend to our readers the fresh facts in connection with the port and commerce of H., to be found on page 358 of this number of the MAGAZINE.

Italy.

GENOA.

Harbor mission work goes on steadily and satisfactorily. As is usual in sum-

mer seasons, not so many vessels had been in port for three months before the last writing of Rev. DONALD MILLER, chaplain,—but on Sunday evening, Oct. 1st, not less than sixty-five seamen were in the comfortable Bethel. "A more earnestly attentive audience," says the chaplain, "I never saw."

"Not long ago," he adds,—"I was pleased with the remark of an intelligent young captain who was admiring the arrangements of our Reading-Room. 'I find,' said he, quite spontaneously, 'a great improvement in our men since I first went to sea, and *I am convinced that it is in great measure owing to such Missions as these.*' I could but express my sorrow that there are so few of them. There are some large ports in the Mediterranean where absolutely nothing is done for the thousands of seamen who annually visit them. How long are these ports and others like them, throughout the world, to be left without the means of grace? I sometimes think that if your subscribers could visit our Genoa mission, and get a clear idea of the importance of the work, they would soon enable your Society to double its operations in behalf of seamen."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

From a lady who has herself been engaged in work for seamen in China for ten years, the wife of a missionary of the London Missionary Society, we receive the following description of the building occupied at Y., by Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor missionary, for the prosecution of his successful labor:—

"The first floor consists of a large commodious hall, and a large reading-room, the latter remarkably well fitted with books, magazines, &c. There is also a comfortable dining room for sailors, with every requisite in the way of pantry and kitchen. On the second floor is a large cheerful looking room with a number of beds in it and a small room adjoining which may serve for an office. Last, not least, Mr. Austen has a wife in every way fitted to be a real help to him. She is just the woman to work among sailors. They are both earnest Christians, and

during the few days I was there, we had much prayer together for a baptism of the Holy Spirit."

Miss AGNES WESTON, of the Sailors' Rest at Devonport, Eng., having promised \$1,500 towards the purchase of these quarters for permanent use for seamen's work, which are to be had for \$2,000, the Board of Trustees of our own Society has made an appropriation that will indirectly aid the same purpose.

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

In response to an application from Mr. W. G. SMART, who has prosecuted missionary labor among seamen at this port for three or four years past, our Board of Trustees at a recent meeting, made appropriation of \$100 for six months' help thereof. Mr. S. is represented by U. S. Vice-Consul HUTCHINSON, as a very earnest and energetic workman. In 1881, 41,611 sailors called at the port. Hospital work occupies a good part of Mr. S's time and strength.

South Africa.

PORT NATAL.

From Durban, which is the seaport of the town, we have, through the kindness of the Rev. JOSIAH TYLER, of the A. B. C. F. M. Mission to the Zulus, an extract from the *Natal Mercury*,—a letter from Mr. W. COWEY, to its editor, as to the efforts for seamen's good which he deems needful at the port, and has been permitted to make in a residence there, of thirty-two years. He says over date of May 20th, 1882:—

"You will remember that for some years past a Sailors' Home has been talked of, but up to the present time nothing has been done towards the erection. I may tell you, however, there is a coffee

stall opened at the Point, and from conversations I have had with the proprietor he is the right man in the right place.

* * * * * The Religious Tract Society (at London) has always been very kind in supplying us with tracts for free distribution. I sent some down to 'The Little Wonder,' (the stall) but find that teetotal tracts are wanted as well, and I have promised to supply some as soon as they can be had. * * * * * Not only is there a good opportunity to circulate these little silent messengers at the Point, but there are often vessels lying in the harbor from various parts of the world, and the boys on them come every morning for bread, which is sold in large quantities at the 'Little Wonder,' and they are glad to take tracts which will be read when they are many thousands of miles from land. I have never seen a more favorable opportunity to distribute tracts, here, with seamen, than at present; for since the wharf has been carried out into deep water, Jack can come on shore very easily, in fact too much so. There are man-traps all over the colony, and he sometimes gets caught in them."

Scotland.

GLASGOW.

The *North British Mail*, of October 30th, has a most interesting account of a tea-meeting held to commemorate the close of seven years' labor as missionary of the Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society, by Mr. JOHN MORRISON. The facts submitted as to his labor and that of his associates are surely of great interest and cheer.

"Mr. Morrison stated that 360 families of sailors were under weekly visitation by voluntary laborers, that 600 tracts were distributed every Sabbath, and that aggressive work was constantly conducted by a variety of other methods. As to the result of these multiplied labors, he stated that he had only lately kept a record of them, and during the present year, at these meetings, 221 sailors and 303 land people professed to have received the Gospel into their hearts, and 71 sailors and 202 land people had joined the Blue Ribbon Army."

At Ports In the United States.

Maine.

PORTLAND.

In a recent sailors' prayer-meeting, as noted in *The Bethel Flag*, a sailor, who

has been on salt water till his head is white, exclaims: "Oh! how good it is to feel that Jesus washed my sins away. I was one of the greatest sinners that ever traveled the ocean. For sixty

years I lived without God. For eleven years I have had a hope in the Lord Jesus. I have been happy since then. Everything has gone well with me. There are a good many young men here,—them that follow the sea. I tell you, young men, I know all about the sea-faring life. You can't tell me anything about it. I have been to sea ever since I could tumble over a boat's side. I have been everywhere, in all sorts of vessels. Yes, and I've been overboard, and called on the Lord Jesus to save me; and he did save me,—and what for? That I might be a better man. I wish I could persuade you to go to Christ and have your sins washed away. I have tried it,—this carousing and drinking, and going into those places and shuffling the cards, profaning the name of God. Ah! it is all taken away now. He will take it all away from you. I expect to go there soon,—to the loved ones who have gone before. I have been very low. Seems to me not many get so low as I was. It seemed to me that Jesus could not stoop so low as to save such a sinner as I was, but he did; and I tell you he will save every one of you, if you are only willing to give up to Him and let Him do it."

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Rev. L. H. SHUCK, for some time past assistant chaplain, has, since the death of Rev. W. B. YATES, resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Charleston, and been appointed as Rev. Mr. Yates' successor in the sailors' chaplaincy. We trust that the mantle of "Father" Yates may fall on and abide with the new appointee. Mr. WILLIAM ROACH is president of the Charleston Port Society, and Messrs. L. D. MOWRY, J. S. WELLS, HENRY CARD and E. H. PRIOLEAU are the board of managers."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Over date October 28th, Rev. L. H. PEASE, chaplain, having returned from a summer's vacation to the place of his long and successful labor, writes:—

"I arrived safely on Saturday 21st

inst., at 6 p. m., and found everything all right and in good condition. It was so late, that I did not suppose that many knew on Sabbath of my arrival, but was unexpectedly greeted on Sabbath evening with a full house come to welcome me and the helper whom I had with me awhile last winter from St. Louis, who also arrived from that city the same evening. Everything respecting Bethel operations looks very hopeful and encouraging at present."

Obituary.

JEREMIAH H. TAYLOR.

This venerable and honored friend of seamen died at Middle Haddam, Conn., on the 27th of October, 1882, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Mr. Taylor belonged to the old school of New York merchants, of whom but few remain. He commenced business at 235 Pearl street, in 1819, residing near his store in Gold street.

At the organization of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, May 5th, 1828, he was elected a Director and a member of the Executive Committee. He devoted much time to the Society, and was a liberal contributor to its funds. Of the forty-six who composed the original Board of Officers, he was the last survivor, the other members having long since passed away. Some who read these lines will call to mind his commanding figure, his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing.

Mr. Taylor retired from business in 1844, and removed to his New England home, on the east bank of the Connecticut River. We have since missed his active labors, but we have often been encouraged and strengthened in our work by the remembrance of his earnest and well directed efforts in the cause.

L. P. II.

THOMAS DAVID WILLIAMS.

For a notice of the life and decease of this brother, whose partial restoration to health had led us to indulge the hope that

further years of usefulness in serving the sailor's cause on earth were to be granted to him, we are indebted to a friend long associated with him in Christian labor :—

"He was born in Wales, Eng., of godly parents, was converted and united with the church in his fourteenth year. Having lost both of his parents, he came to this country when but fifteen years of age, in company with an elder brother, and was apprenticed to the blacksmith trade in the city of Philadelphia. While yet an apprentice, he was licensed to preach by the "Welsh Congregational Church." As may be inferred, he had exhibited a thirst for knowledge. His earnings were invested in books, and his leisure moments in study. His great ambition was to preach the gospel. Disappointed in the expectation he had formed of entering college, he earnestly set himself to study such standard works as his means could procure. Having faithfully served his apprenticeship, he came to New York City a skilled mechanic, and in his twenty-third year married an estimable Christian lady in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Here Mr. Williams labored and lived until called to his reward above. While supporting himself and family by his daily toil, he still had time and means to bestow on Christian work. He was one of the original members of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church; was for many years an elder in the Central Presbyterian Church,—then Rev. Dr. J. E. ROCKWELL'S,—and devoted much time to establishing Cottage Prayer-Meetings in the outer wards of the city, and to evangelistic labor among the colored people.

"As a faithful and ingenious mechanic he had constant employment and for many years, and during the late war he was connected with the Brooklyn United States Navy Yard, and exerted there an influence for good on his fellow workmen. At the Yard, also, he became deeply interested in the moral and religious welfare of seamen.

"Some twelve years agy, Mr. Williams was offered the Agency of the Brooklyn City Bible Society, which he accepted, although at a salary much less than he was earning at his trade. His wife having died, he felt this to be a call from God that he devote himself to a work for which the good people of the city felt that he had a peculiar adaptation. And here for years, as such an agent, and ultimately combining the work of Bible distribution with that of a missionary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—with strong physical powers and a sanctified heart, he wrought with zeal, and energy and success.

"Mr. Williams won the hearts and secured the confidence of the sailors, interested himself in all that interested them. While his public services in the Navy Yard and Marine Hospital were profitable, his best ministry was in his daily and personal intercourse with the men of the sea. He was trusted and beloved by the men and respected by the officers. To his endeavors are due the erection of the Sailors' Hall on the Cob Dock, and the Sailors' Coffee House just outside the Navy Yard. By his sole efforts, too, he placed a library of nearly 2,000 volumes in the Hall for the use of the sailors, and obtained a beautiful and costly organ for their worship. He devoted time and money to concerts and lectures for the amusement and instruction of the men, and in works of mercy was untiring.

"A year and a half ago, his friends noticed a change in his physical appearance. The stout, robust man began to fail and stoop. Prudence suggested rest through cessation from work, but he could not listen to any such suggestion. He labored on day and night, until worn out and laid aside he was called to endure the will of God in long continued sickness. This he bore with patient resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father and God, and calmly fell asleep Oct. 21st, 1882, in the 55th year of his age, at his home in the city of Brooklyn. J. G. B."

A Good Testimony.

Friends of the sailor in the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., having provided a loan library, through the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for the crew of the new American ship *Tacoma*, its Master, Capt. J. R. KELLEY, wrote as follows to one of them, from Bath, Me., Aug. 31st:—

"*Dear Sir*:—Feeling that you, with others interested in circulating libraries for the benefit of the seafaring class, might like to know if books and tracts are distributed after being put on board of vessels for distribution, I will speak for myself; others, doubtless, will do the same. I have followed the sea for several years, and on all my vessels leaving New York there has been placed a library, consisting of good religious books and tracts for distribution. I have always distributed both books and tracts to some extent, hoping for good results. I trust they have been blessed to many, and will yet to many more. I believe your work a good one. Go on with your distribution of good reading on board of vessels. Much good must be the result; for any effort to save mankind from evil is prompted by divine love which cometh down from on high.

"Hoping these few lines may encourage you in further efforts to christianize seamen, I close, wishing you heaven's blessing on all your labors."

Rev. E. B. Coe, D. D.

It is with pleasure that we state that the pastor of the Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, 5th Ave. and 48th St., in this city, has become a member of the Board of Trustees of this Society. His action in this matter, attests a genuine interest in seamen,—and no one who listened to or has read his admirable sermon, "The Gospel and The Sailor," preached at our anniversary last May, will question that he will bring to the practical administration of his official duties, a deep and broad apprehension of their nature, and an effective advocacy of the highest welfare of those whom he consents to serve in a new capacity.

U. S. Marine Hospital Service.

Surgeon HENRY W. SAWTELLE, who has been for the past three years in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital at St. Louis, where he rendered most efficient service in the way of reorganization, and improvement in hospital management, as he had previously done during a similar period at Norfolk, Va.,—has recently been ordered to New York as Surgeon in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital here, with headquarters at Bedloe's Island. This is a just and worthy recognition of Surgeon Sawtelle's official ability and fidelity, alike honorable to him and the Marine Hospital Service Department.

Precious Memories Revived.

Writing to an old friend at the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S Rooms, Rev. OLA HELLAND, formerly seamen's missionary in this city and on Staten Island, now resident at Racine, Wis., says:—

"I should have sent this before, but I have been thinking about that Sabbath morning in August, 1836, when you stopped me in front of the old Mariners' Church, (in New York). It seems to me now, as if the Lord had said to you,— 'stop that young man and turn him the other way.' I thank God, you did turn me into the church of Christ. The result you know. The Lord bless you!"

Thanks Rendered.

"Permit me," writes U. S. Com. A. D. BROWN of the *Jamestown*, from Newport, R. I., "to thank the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for the timely gift of hymn-books. They have proved of much utility, and have greatly enhanced the heartiness of our services. They are also used by 'the boys,' on Sunday evenings, with much pleasure."

Great Loss of Seamen's Lives.

A dispatch from Manila, E. I., states that one hundred sailors were drowned there during a recent typhoon.

"Father" Coan.

We are pained to learn that the Rev. TITUS COAN, D. D., of Hilo, Sandwich Islands, has been stricken with paralysis. His life has been unremittingly useful, and a bright crown awaits him. He had special interest in sailors and in Christian work on their behalf, as the readers of the MAGAZINE can testify.

Books, Reports, Etc.

MISSIONARY REVIEW: Bi-monthly. Rev. R. G. WILDER, editor, Princeton, N. J.

This standard Review,—for it has now become such, fairly and easily leads every other missionary publication printed in this country, in certain important qualities of excellence, and we congratulate its editor, formerly a foreign missionary in India, on the good he is doing for the cause still at his heart.

What can one say of the YOUTH'S COMPANION, Weekly, Perry Mason & Co., 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., worthier to be said, than that its enormous steady circulation of 263,000 copies is fitly on the increase, and that illustrated stories by J. T. Trowbridge, William Black, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Harriet Prescott Spofford, besides many other charming features will edify its readers during 1883?—As to OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, Monthly, Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., its constant readers agree that with each successive issue it holds its place as the best of the magazines for the very little folks, eminently in the matter of illustrations.

The Continuing Woes of Seamen.

In the issue of a New York daily for 19th October, we find the following:—

"Privates in the United States military service who have disappeared from San Francisco without leaving any trace of their whereabouts are now supposed to

have been kidnapped by press gangs for service on English vessels. A private named McGuire was thus treated recently. He was plied with drugged drink, taken aboard a British ship, and when he came to his senses was informed that he had agreed to go along on a voyage to Cork as a man before the mast. His efforts to communicate with his officers ashore were fruitless until he fastened a letter to a piece of wood and threw it aboard a passing steamer. The letter reached its destination, and caused the man's release through the interference of Government officials and the British Consul."

The Two Fleets.

The sun was bright, and the sea was bland,
And the tide danced in as merrily,
When a sailor pushed his boat from the sand:
And the waves kept time with his homely glee,
For the sailor hummed, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The sea was bland, and the sun was bright,
And a favoring wind blew fresh and free,
And the less'ning sail disappeared from sight;
But the odd refrain still remained with me
Which the sailor sang—"Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The tide danced out with the freight it bore;
Ah, the tide came back soon smilingly,
But the sailor's boat never touched the shore;
And I sing to myself, for I cannot flee
From the haunting strain, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So one by one from the shining world
The fleet sails down to the dismal lee—
To the fleet where every sail is furled;
And my heart keeps time to the mystic key,
While I drift and sing, "Two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So a little while and he who sings
Shall hum no more his songs to thee;
So they who watch his sun-lit wings
Shall hear, perchance, when they can not see
The lips which sing, "two fleets there be:
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And one lies under the sombre sea."

Eugene Bolles, in Harper's Magazine for December.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

OCTOBER, 1882.

Total arrivals..... 102
 Deposited for safe keeping..... \$1,224
 of which \$330 was sent to relatives and friends,
 and \$828 was returned to depositors.

Planets for December, 1882.

MERCURY is a morning star until midnight of the 16th, when it is in superior conjunction with the sun; rises on the 1st at 6h. 27m, and south of east 26° 54'; is in conjunction with Venus on the forenoon of the 9th, at about 7 o'clock, being 1° 12' south; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 10th at 2h. 22m., being 2° 52' south; is in conjunction with Mars at midnight of the 14th, being 39' south.

VENUS is an evening star until the 6th, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun. At this conjunction this planet will attract the attention of the whole scientific world, for it makes a transit,—an event which will not occur again for over a century. To an observer at this place, Venus commences its entrance on the face of the Sun at a point 33° 43' distant from the lowest point of that body toward the last at 9h. 7m. 28s. in the forenoon; 21m. 16s. later, it will be entirely on its face. Then at 2h. 50m. 53s. in the afternoon, it commences to leave the Sun, and 21m. 18s. later it will be entirely off. Venus is also in conjunction with Mars on the afternoon of the 5th, at about 2 o'clock, being 6' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 9th, at 11h. 10m., being 1° 14' south; is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius, on the 27th, at 1 o'clock.

MARS is an evening star until the evening of the 10th, at 8 o'clock, when it is in conjunction with the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the same day, at 10h. 23m., being 3° 1' south.

JUPITER is due south on the morning of the 1st, at 1h. 14m., being at the same time 23° 3' north of the equator; is in opposition with the Sun on the morning of the 18th, at about 2 o'clock, when it is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 23d, at 9h. 45m., being 2° 39' north.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 10h. 35m., being at the same time 15° 48' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 9h. 19m., being 2° 21' south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, September and October, 1882.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the two months was 51, of which 25 were wrecked, 3 burned, 9 abandoned, 5 sunk by collision, 3 foundered, 5 are missing and 1 capsized. The list comprises 6 steamers, 5 ships, 17 barks, 3 brigs and 20 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, *m* missing, *s c* sunk by collision, and *b* burned.

In September.

STEAMERS.

Mary Tatham, *w.*, from Hong Kong for Portland, O.
 Edam, *s. c.*, from New York for Amsterdam.
 Nuphar, *w.*, from Newcastle, E., for Philadelphia.
 Mallard, *w.*, from New York for Belize.

SHIP.

Jessie Burrill, *b.*, from New York for Shanghai.

BARKS.

Dublin, *w.*, from Seabeck for San Francisco.
 Lester, *w.*, from Philadelphia for Bayonne.
 Commodore Dupont, *w.*, from Santa Anna for New Orleans.
 Sarah E. Kingsbury, *b.*, from Salt Pond for Acre.
 Bridgeport, *w.*, from New Orleans for Boston.
 Abeona, *w.*, from Rotterdam for Corpus Christi.
 Nonpareil, *w.*, from Fernandina for Montevideo.

BRIGS.

Geo. W. Chase, *a.*, from Apalachicola for Washington, D. C.
 Edna M. Gregory, *a.*, from Darien for Montevideo.

SCHOONERS.

Kate Collins, *f.*, from Philadelphia for Salisbury, Mass.
 Jessie Elizabeth, *s. c.*, from South Amboy for Boston.
 Isaiah H. Horton, *w.*, from Rio Hacha for New York.
 Forest, *w.*, from Boston for Bridgetown, N. S.
 Prize, *w.*, from Boston for Eastward.
 Louisa A., *w.*, from Cedar Keys for Boston.
 Pulaski, *b.*, from Thomaston for Boston.
 Milton, *capsized*, from Boston for Bangor.
 Planet, *w.*, fisherman.

In October.

STEAMERS.

Herder, *w.*, from New York for Hamburg.
 Dallam Tower, *m.*, from New Orleans for Rotterdam.

SHIPS.

Bremen, *w.*, from Liverpool for San Francisco.
 Constantia, *s. c.*, from Bremen for New Orleans.
 Niagara, *w.*, from San Francisco for Queens-town.
 Crescent City, *a.*, from Cadiz for Bath, Me.

BARKS.

Sea Bird, *w.*, from Liverpool for Savannah.
 Enrico P., *a.*, from Pensacola for Genoa.
 Don Antico, *w.*, from Dublin for Baltimore.
 Penang, *w.*, from Pensacola for Buenos Ayres.
 Brookville, *a.*, from Newcastle, N. S. W., for San Francisco.
 Antonio Mimbelli, *w.*, from Dunkirk for Philadelphia.
 Malleville, *w.*, from Shanghai for Victoria, V. I.
 Storm Bird, *a.*, from Savannah for Liverpool.
 John Shepard, *m.*, from Mobile for Port Spain.
 Garonne, *m.*, from San Francisco for Queens-town.

BRIG.

Mariuccia Mignano, *a.*, from New York for Barcelona.

SCHOONERS.

Surprise, *s. c.*, from Belize for Ruatan.
 Etiwan, *f.*, from Bull River for Charleston.
 J. W. Haig, *f.*, from Philadelphia for Hatteras.
 Mary S. Hunt, *m.* from Mandingo, S. B., for New York.
 Robbie L. Foster, *w.*, from Port Richmond, S. I., for Savannah.
 Glide, *s. c.*, from New York for Groveland, Mass.
 W. S. Mount, *w.*, from New York for Bridgeport.
 I. M. S., *a.*, from Glace Bay, C. B., for Salem, Mass.
 Ellen Rodman, *w.*, whaler.
 Wm. N. Gessner, *a.*, from Philadelphia for Boston.
 Laura A. Webb, *w.*, from San Andreas.

CONNECTICUT.

Black Rock, First Cong. ch. 5 00
 Darien, Cong. ch. 16 00
 Fairfield, First Cong. ch., of which
 S. S. for library \$20; O. B. Jennings \$20 for library in name of O. G. Jennings; Mrs. Henry T. Curtis \$20 for library in name of Marion Phelps 111 70
 Greenwich, T. A. Mead 5 00
 Hartford, 1st ch. (Centre) 70 60
 Madison, Cong. ch. 11 00
 Meriden, 1st Cong. ch., of which \$20 for library in its name, and to const. Mrs. Wm. P. Lane, Horace C. Wilcox, and Miss Rosa E. Hinman life members, \$90. 120 00
 New Haven, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, of wh. \$30 to const. Dea. Horace P. Shares a L. M. 34 82
 North church. 34 60
 New London, 1st Bap. ch. S. S. for a library 20 00
 Norwich, Broadway Cong. ch. 100 00
 Rockville, 2nd Cong. ch. 40 31
 Stamford, Cong. ch. 17 00
 Unionville, 1st Cong. ch. 11 81
 Waterbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for libraries. 40 00
 Windsor Locks, Cong. ch. 49 33

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. ch. 40 00
 Chester, Cong. ch. 18 00
 New York City, Brown Bros. & Co. 100 00
 John Dwight 100 00
 W. H. Parsons & Co. 50 00
 From passengers on steamer *Baltic* from Liverpool, October 7th, 1882, per Frederick Sturges, Esq. 26 84
 Arthur W. Benson 25 00
 Benjamin H. Field 20 00
 E. M. Archibald, H. B. M. Consul. 20 00
 Missionary Society of Church of the Strangers, for library. 20 00
 Charles E. Pierson, for library. 20 00
 Lewis P. Tibbals, for library work. 15 00
 Leshar, Whitman & Co. 10 00
 C. F. Hunter 10 00
 H. Griffin & Sons 10 00
 Edwin Mead 10 00
 S. B. Schieffelin 10 00
 B. R. & Co. 10 00
 R. C. Root 5 00
 N. & M. Niles 5 00
 Capt. Cann, ship *Tsernogora*, for library work. 5 00
 Cash. 5 00
 Capt. R. S. Davis, bark *C. S. Hulbert*, for library work. 2 00
 Westchester, Missionary Association Pres. S. S., for library. 20 00
 Woodhaven, Missionary Society Cong. ch. 5 00

NEW JERSEY.

Beverly, Mrs. C. R. Gregory, for the Gregory Library in memory of her husband. 20 00
 Jersey City, Lafayette Ave. Ref. ch., per Rev. Wm. R. Duryee 20 00
 Newark, Clinton Ave. Ref. ch. S. S. towards library 10 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, A Life Member. 10 00

Receipts for October, 1882.

VERMONT.

Orwell, Cong. ch. and Society 16 82

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Friends for Temperance documents. 11 17
 A Friend 3 00
 Conway, J. A. Ives 1 00
 Globe Village, Union S. S., for lib'y. 20 00
 Holyoke, 1st ch. 2 00
 Ipswich, 1st ch. and Society 16 50
 Lenox, Mrs. Mary S. Cook, for memorial library of her father, Rev. A. M. Cowan. 20 00
 Marlboro, Union Cong. S. S., for lib'y. 20 00
 Newburyport, Belleville ch., of which Joshua Hale \$20 for library. 52 45
 Rutland, Cong. ch. 3 68
 Springfield, 1st ch. 22 77
 South ch. 7 57
 Southboro, Eliza Moore, deceased. 100 00
 Stockbridge, Cong. ch. S. S., for a library. 20 00
 Sudbury, Cong. ch. 17 79
 Townsend, Cong. ch. 7 52
 Westfield, 2nd ch. 17 35
 Westhampton, Cong. S. S. 15 48
 West Springfield, Park st. ch. 5 52
 2nd ch. 2 81
 Worcester, Central ch. 40 67
 David Whitcomb, of which \$60 for libraries. 100 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Beneficent Cong. ch. S. S. for library 20 00

\$1,853 11



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From The London Christian.

The Old Miller and His Mill.

Once upon a time there lived an old miller. What he was like I don't know, for he never could sit still long enough to have his likeness taken. And then there was another reason—*nobody had ever seen him.*

He was old, *very* old. Indeed, he was the oldest miller living when our great-grandfathers were boys; and as he is living still, you may be quite sure that he must be *very very* old. As nobody had ever seen him, it really was a difficult matter to say what he was like; and yet everybody was satisfied about one thing: the miller was bald; had not so much as a single hair on his head, except indeed one big tuft or lock that hung down his forehead. People that wanted to get anything out of the old miller laid hold of him by that, and held on to it fiercely; then he would give in to them, and they got what they wanted. But you had to get up early and to work hard to do that, for the old miller was quite wonderful at slipping out of anybody's hands. Before you knew it he was off, and when once he got a start there was no overtaking him again that day. His mill never stopped, night or day. The bells rang out the Old Year; and there the old miller ground on, as if he had ever so much to do. The

bells rang in the New Year; and there was the old miller grinding still, as if he never had a moment to spare. Even on Sunday he never stopped. Year in and year out it was *grind, grind, grind!*

Quite as wonderful as the miller himself was his mill. What a wonderful mill it was for wheels; big wheels and tiny wheels as small as those in the inside of a watch! The biggest wheel was so big that it took a year to go round. And this turned more than three hundred smaller wheels. Each of these turned twenty-four smaller ones; and those four-and-twenty, every one of them turned sixty little tiny wheels. And every little tiny wheel turned sixty that were tinier still. Now, if you take the trouble to put all that down you will see that it comes to more than thirty-one millions of wheels. And yet never a wheel got out of order; his mill was never even stopped for repairs!

But what did he grind with all these wheels? Ah! I think you never would guess that.

He ground babies. He ground boys and maidens: four years old and five years old, six, seven, eight—he wasn't a bit particular as to age; good and bad, clever and stupid, strong and weak, he

put them all into his mill. Then the wheels began to go round; the tiniest wheels of all, and then the next, and the bigger and the bigger still, and at last the one great big wheel of all. And when that had gone round a few times the old miller's wares were ready. No more babies, no more boys and maidens. They were all *men and women*. For the old miller's name was—what? Can you guess it?

It is sad, very sad, to think that as the wheels go round they are busily grinding so many ill-tempered Nabals, and gossiping Gashmus, and murderous Cains, and thievish Judases. And sad it is to think that the gentle Abigail and brave David and tender-hearted Deborah find many an evil thing within them that needs to be undone. Let us turn with gladness to a brighter side and to more pleasant thoughts. Thank God for Him who comes to help us all! The holy child Jesus lives to make us pure and good. He too was born a Babe, that He might be one with us; He became a Child, a Boy, a Man and lived each day in this world as we have to live. And that He might be our example He lived a perfect life of love to God and all men. And He died, the Son of God, the Son of man, that He might redeem us from the curse of sin, and that He might bring all men back to the favor of God. And now He lives forever among us to make us like Himself.

Think of it, dear children, quietly and earnestly, until you come to see that this means a true and blessed life for every one of us if we will have it. As the old miller, Time, is busied with his wheels each day, the gentle Savior moves to and fro, not only bidding us take care, but even waiting to help us out of the dark and dreadful corners where the evil is, into the light and pleasant places where love and truth and courage dwell. Now may each one of us become all that in our best moments we have longed to be. He who made David true and good and brave comes to help us; to gird us with his

power, and to teach us to fight the evil things within us and about us, until we too may make our boast in the Lord.

Yes it is not enough to think of these things, nor to know them. *We must just let Jesus help us and save us*;—not because we are good, but that we may be good. What He has done for others He is as willing to do for us.

Away in some dark corner of the mill there was once a swearing, gambling, drinking lad, a wandering tinker, caring nothing for anybody and with nobody to care much for him. Even the wicked people trembled at his oaths and reproved him. He seems at last almost to have frightened himself at his own wickedness, and set to work to try and make himself better. He fought with his bad habits and did overcome many of them; but still he carried the evil heart inside of him, and no matter how often he overcame, there seemed always to be a fresh swarm of foes coming against him. Then, after many a weary struggle, he came and asked Jesus to help him. He took hold of the text, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*;" and held to it, until he learned to look to Jesus for everything. And up out of that rough, bad lad there came the good John Bunyan, who wrote the story of the Pilgrim's Progress.

There is another boy of whom I would tell you, not at all like the tinker lad in wickedness. He found that every day the wheels were grinding him into a fierce and passionate boy, whose temper would burst out into fits of rage. He, too, set to work to mend it; but it was too strong for him. His resolutions and desires were snapped by his temper, like Sampson snapped the strong cords, and he was swept away by it again and again. Then he learnt to let Jesus help him. The moment he felt himself tried he just looked up and said quietly, "O, Lamb of God, calm my mind!" And up out of that angry boy there grew the eloquent and powerful Robert Hall, one of the greatest preachers that ever lived. But

more beautiful than all his sayings was his gentle and patient temper. When in his last illness he was suffering very dreadfully, he feared lest a hasty word had escaped his lips, and turned to those about him and said, "I did not murmur, did I?" Never once was an impatient word heard from him in the moments of his greatest agony.

Now, this is our Savior. Every one of us may say of Him, "He comes to help me." He has no favorites. The word is for us as much as for any other—*Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.* Now, dear lads and maidens, let me ask you, What are you going to do? Will you give yourself right over to Jesus *now*, and trust Him to help you always?

Progress of the Hubbardian Reform.

The *New York Times* having "poked fun" at its venerable friend's (Mr. L. P. HUBBARD'S) anti-tobacco leaflet, which came before the public for the first time, in 1865, in these pages, the LIFE BOAT is happy to do what is very seemly and appropriate,—reprint his rejoinder, published under the above heading, in the *Times* of October 29th. As October 29th fell, this year, on Sunday, some question has been raised whether Mr. H. has become a writer for the Sunday press. To every such query he replies by pointing to the date affixed to his Mss.—ED. L. B.

"To the Editor of the *New York Times*:—

"Many thanks for your generous and amusing notice of my little leaflet, 'How a Smoker got a Home,' on the 13th inst. It is not the first time you have favored me. You gave the substance of the narrative a conspicuous place in your issue of Jan. 14th, 1873, which called out extended comments in an evening paper of the same date. It fell to my lot to edit the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for October, 1865, when I prepared the article for the Boy's

Department, without the least idea that it would be remembered after the issue of the next number; but such was the demand for it that I printed it in its present form, and many thousands have been circulated through friends in the States and Territories, with no condition except that I receive no pay for them. Some unknown person has translated it into Spanish, and it was published in an illustrated paper, in the city of Mexico, in September last.

"An excessive smoker and chewer for 40 years, Mayor of a Western city, after reading my experience, wrote me that he had not used tobacco in any form for six months, and that he had gained thirteen pounds in weight and was much better in health. A uniformed messenger boy in New York read the leaflet, and, when he had finished, rose from his seat in the stage and, opening the window, threw a paper of chewing tobacco into the street. I said:—'I fear you will buy more.' He replied:—'Never a particle as long as I live.' I called on an editor recently, who told me that he smoked 16 cigars a day at a cost of \$3. One of my esteemed neighbors said not long ago that he was growing prematurely old from excessive smoking, but could not stop.

"It greatly encourages me as from time to time I meet young men who have adopted the 'Hubbardian method' occupying positions of trust with a snug sum in the savings bank. The public owes you a debt of gratitude for your efforts to prevent the use of tobacco by boys in the United States Navy, and for the excellent article in your journal of Sept. 4th, showing the deadly effects of tobacco on the human system, which was transferred to the columns of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for October, with due credit. L. P. H.
New York, Tuesday, Oct. 24th, 1882.

SELF-EASE is pain: the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace.

Whittier.

"ARE you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others.
And make them glad and bright?"

Miss Havergal.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1882, fifty-nine loan libraries, twenty-four new and thirty-five reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,611-7,627, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,398, 7,399, with Nos. 7,800-7,803, and 7,806 at Boston.

The thirty-five libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,485,	No. 5,109,	No. 5,795,	No. 6,045,	No. 6,233,	No. 6,581,	No. 6,845,	No. 7,029,	No. 7,194,
" 4,267,	" 5,190,	" 5,862,	" 6,069,	" 6,354,	" 6,629,	" 6,852,	" 7,043,	" 7,196,
" 4,463,	" 5,280,	" 5,864,	" 6,078,	" 6,408,	" 6,634,	" 6,864,	" 7,085,	" 7,206,
" 4,637,	" 5,471,	" 5,925,	" 6,164,	" 6,565,	" 6,733,	" 6,905,	" 7,186,	

What Little Artie Did.

Little Artie had two brothers. Three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all brave and self-reliant, and brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was often found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful; yet hardly had the parents left, ere the wood-work near the stovepipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed up on a table, and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which

their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next,

"Yes sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood by and holler'd 'Amen.'"

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
U. S. A.

THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

THE LIFE BOAT,

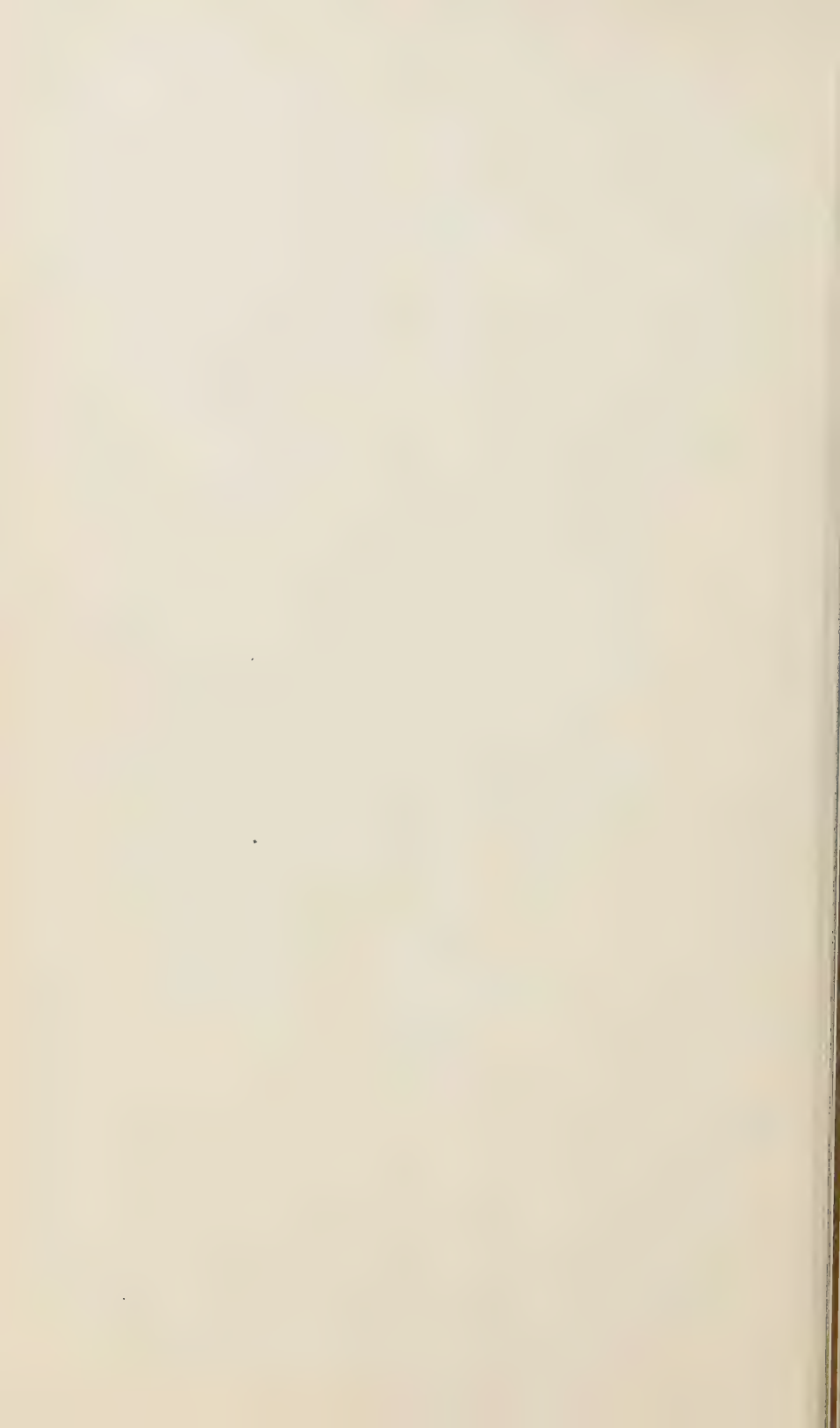
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1882.

"Suppose, for a moment, that the men of the sea should combine against the Church and say:—'Pay us what you owe us. Give us the gospel, for want of which we are perishing, or we will leave your ships to rust and rot at their wharves.' How long do you think it would be before there would be a chaplain in every cabin and a Bible in every hand? Let us see that the sailor has his rights, not because he demands them, but because it is our privilege and our duty to secure them, for the love of humanity and for the honor of Christ!"

Rev. E. B. Coe. D.D

VOL. LIV.

NEW YORK :
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
80 WALL STREET.



PREFACE.

While a retrospect of the year covered by our FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME gives occasion for profound gratitude to Him whose is the sea, and who has promised that its abundance shall be converted and serve His kingdom and glory, the briefest review of the succeeding pages impresses the fact that "the night cometh wherein no man" now laboring, "can work."

We call to mind no twelve-month when an equal number of "reapers in life's" spiritual "harvest" on the deep have exchanged the cross for the crown, toil for rest, absence from the Master for that life where they are "forever with the Lord." Mrs. MATHEWS, in England,—Captain BARTLETT, at Boston, Mass.,—NEILSON, for years in Sweden,—Rev. Drs. ROCKWELL and WEED, long identified by personal sympathy and connection with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—"Father" YATES, at Charleston, S. C., for nearly half a century,—STANLEY, whose head, heart, hands and feet were all full, and oftentimes weary, for twenty-five busy years, with scheming and exertion for seamen in the city of New York,—LARSEN, at Boston, himself a sailor-convert whose soul flamed into successful effort for his fellows, on shipboard and in hospital,—and, last of all, WILLIAMS, whose trophies for Jesus at the U. S. Navy Yard in Brooklyn, N. Y., since 1870, have been multiplied,—all these are here commemorated. We drop a tear for each, and press on in what we have to do, inspired by the memories that are with us as we think of them, to emulate their records. In their sustained efficiency, some of them recall the course of Goethe's "star, unhasting, yet unresting."

The progress of the seamen's cause in 1882, has been substantial, at home and abroad. Sympathy for it widens and deepens, material

assistance for its prosecution is generously provided, and best of all, sailors are led to the Lamb of God, in increasing numbers. These things are mirrored in the issues of this volume.

But the work is yet great, and its full accomplishment is far off. Every prayer that can be made, every consecration that may be offered, is needed for the fruition of the Savior's triumph in the hearts of all "those who go down to the sea in ships." For every one of those, past, present and to come,—to HIM be all the praise!

Grateful for them, we are encouraged by the expressions of approval which frequently greet us from the readers of the MAGAZINE, and would mention, in justice to him, that the Rev. II. H. MCFARLAND has given his industry and culture in making it acceptable to patrons and friends.

DECEMBER, 1882.

I N D E X
TO THE
FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME
OF THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE
AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND;
AND TO THE
LIFE BOAT,—FOR 1882.

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80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

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- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in SIAM, JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the BERMUDA ISLANDS, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and also upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—The provision of *LOAN LIBRARIES*, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1882, is 7,499. Calculating 7,717 reshipments, their 407,582 volumes have been accessible to more than 291,193 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sunday-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

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